

SELECTED OBITUARY.

**THE SUNBEAM.**  
No longer in woman's hall,  
No art and wealth to all;  
No hope unto land and sea—  
What gift hath the world like thee?

Smiling the billows and ocean smiles—  
With each d with glory his thousand smiles;  
But up the ships and the feathery foam,  
Went the sailor like words from home.

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more beautiful. You shoot into narrow pas-  
sages where you could spring on shore on ei-  
ther side, catching, as you advance, hasty  
views to the right and left, through long vi-  
stas of islands; or running round a projec-  
ting point of rock or woodland, open into  
an apparent lake, and darting rapidly  
across, seem running right on shore as you  
enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the cor-  
vet channel.

It is the first ground in the world for the  
"magic of moonlight." The water is clear,  
and, on the night we spoke of, was a perfect  
mirror. Every star was repeated. The  
foilage of the islands was softened into in-  
distinctness, and they lay in the water, with  
their well defined shadows hanging darkly  
beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the  
sky, and apparently as moveable. In more  
terrestrial company than the lady Viola's,  
our hero might have fancied himself in the  
regions of upper air; but as he leant over  
the taffel, and listened to the sweetest  
voice that ever melted into moonlight, and  
watched the shadows of the dipping trees as  
the approach of the boat broke them one by  
one, he would have thought twice before he  
would have said that he was sailing on a  
fresh water river, in the good steam boat  
Queenston.

Miss Viola Clay and Mr. Frank Gresham,  
the hero and heroine of this true story, I  
should have told you before, were cousins.  
They had met lately after a separation of  
many years, and as the lady had in the mean  
time become the proudest woman in the  
world, and the gentleman had been abroad  
and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a coun-  
tain's *carre blanche* for his visits, there was  
reason to believe they would become very  
well acquainted.

Frank had been at home but a few months  
when he was invited to join the party with  
which he was now making the fashionable  
tour. He had seen Viola every day since  
his return, and had more to say to her than  
to all the rest of her relatives together. He  
would sit for hours with her in the deep re-  
cesses of the windows, telling his adventures  
when abroad. At least, it was so pre-  
sumed, as he talked all the time, and she  
was profoundly attentive. It was thought,  
too, he must have seen some affecting sights,  
for now and then his descriptions made her  
sign audibly, and once the color was ob-  
served to mount to her very temples—doubtless  
from strong sympathy with some touching  
distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and  
at the time we speak of, had been several  
weeks in their company. They had spent  
nearly a month among the Lakes, and were  
now descending by their grand outlet to  
Montreal. Many a long walk had been ta-  
ken, and many a romantic scene had been  
gazed upon during their absence, and the  
lady had, many a time, wandered away with  
her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more  
agreeable companion. She was indefatigable  
in seeing the celebrated places from  
every point, and made excursions which the  
good feet of her father, or the etiquette of  
a stranger's attendance would have forbid-  
den. In these cases Frank's company was  
evidently a convenience; and over hill and  
dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne  
her delicate arm by the precious privilege of  
cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin. It is the  
sweetest relation in human nature. There is  
no excitement in loving your sister, and  
courting a lady in the face of a strange  
family requires the nerves of a martyr; but  
your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking  
freedom, and the romping frolics, and the  
stolen tenderness over the skirts of silk that  
will get tangled—and then the long rides  
which nobody talks about, and the long *le-  
tels a-cetes* which are nobody's business, and the  
long letters of which nobody pays the post-  
age—no, there is nothing like a cousin  
—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a coun-  
sin!

Till within a few days Frank had enjoyed  
a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescen-  
sions; but their party had been increased  
lately by a young gentleman who introduced  
himself to papa as the son of an old friend,  
and proceeded immediately to a degree of  
special attention which relieved our hero  
exceedingly of his duties.

Mr. Erasmus Van Pelt was a tall, thin per-  
son with an aquiline nose, and a forehead  
that retreated till it was lost in the distance.  
It was evident at the first glance that he was  
high-toned. The authenticity of his style, even  
on board of a steam boat, distanced imita-  
tion immeasurably. The angle of his bow  
had been an insoluble problem from his  
debut at the dancing school till the present  
moment, and his quizzing glass was thrown  
up to his eye with a grace that would have  
put Brummel to the blush. From the square  
toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain  
he was a perfect wonder. Every body smiled  
on Mr. Erasmus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with  
an evil eye upon our hero. He had the mag-  
nanimity not to cut him outright, as he was  
the lady's cousin; but tolerated him on the  
first day with a cold civility, which he inten-  
ded should amount to a cut on the second.  
Frank thought him thus far very amusing;  
but when he came frequently in the way of  
his attentions to his cousin, and once or  
twice raised his glass at his remarks, with  
the uncomprehending "Sir!" he was observ-  
ed to stroke his black whiskers with a very  
ominous impatience. Further acquaintance  
by no means mended the matter, and Frank's  
brow grew more and more cloudy. He had  
already alarmed Mr. Van Pelt with a glance  
of his eye that could not be mistaken, and  
anticipated his cut direct by at least some  
hours, when the lady Viola took him aside  
and bound over his thumb and finger to keep  
the peace towards the invisible waist of his  
adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution,  
the boat was bending in towards a small vil-  
lage which terminates the safe navigation  
above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coach-  
es were waiting on the shore, in courtesy pas-

sengers to the next still water, and the mix-  
ed population of the little village, attracted  
by the arrival, was gathered in a pictur-  
esque group on the landing. There was the  
Italian looking Canadian with his clear olive  
complexion and open neck, his hat slouched  
carelessly, and the indispensable red sash  
hanging from his waist; and the still, statue  
like Indian with the incongruous blanket  
and belt, hat and moccasins costume of the  
border, and the tall, inquisitive looking Ver-  
montese—all mingled together like the fig-  
ures of a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by  
her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood  
looking into the water with the grave in-  
tenseness of a statue. Mr. Van Pelt levelled  
his glass at the "horrid creatures" on  
shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence  
of their *savagery* in a fine spun *falsetto*.  
As its last thin tone melted, he turned and  
spoke to the lady with an air evidently more  
familiar than her dignity for the first  
day seemed to have warranted. There was  
an expression of ill concealed triumph in  
his look, and an uncompromised turning  
of his neck on our *generous* which indi-  
cated an advance in relative importance;  
and though Miss Clay went on with her des-  
truction of her card of distances just as if  
there was nobody in the world but herself,  
the conversation was well sustained till the  
last musical superlative was curtailed by the  
whiz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank  
arose from his reverie, and announced his  
intention of taking a boat down the rapids.  
Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous  
experiment; but when assured by him that  
it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, dur-  
ing the whole passage, would be visible  
from the coach, she assented no further.  
Frank then turned to Mr. Van Pelt, and  
to her astonishment, politely requested his  
company. The dandy was thunderstruck.  
To his comprehension it was like offering  
him a private interview with a bear. "No,  
sir," said he, with a nervous twist of his  
glass round his fore finger. Miss Clay, how-  
ever, insisted on his acceptance of the in-  
vitation. The prospect of his company with-  
out the restraint of Frank's presence, and  
a wish to foster the good feeling from which  
she thought the offer proceeded, were suf-  
ficient reasons for perseverance, and on the  
ground that his beautiful cap was indispen-  
sible to the picturesque effect, she would take  
no denial. Most reluctantly his consent  
was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore  
with an accommodating readiness to find  
himself for the enterprise.

He found his errand a difficult one. The  
water was uncommonly low, and at such  
times the rapids are seldom passed, even  
by the most daring. The old voyageurs re-  
ceived his proposition with shrugs and vol-  
umes of *patois*, in which he could only dis-  
tinguish adjectives of terror. By promises  
of extravagant remuneration, however, he  
prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row  
him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them  
aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French  
made them comprehend that he wished to  
throw his companion into the river. They  
had no shadow of objection. For a "con-  
sideration," they would upset the bateau in  
a convenient place below the rapids, and  
ensure Mr. Van Pelt's subsequent existence  
at the forfeiture of the reward. A simulta-  
neous "Gardez vous!" was to be the signal for  
action.

The coaches had already started when  
Frank again stood on the pier, and were pur-  
suing slowly the beautiful road on the bank  
of the river. He almost repented his rash  
determination for a moment, but the succeed-  
ing thought was one of pride, and he sprang  
lightly into the bateau at the "allons!" of the  
impetuous boatmen.

Mr. Van Pelt was already seated, and as  
they darted rapidly away with the first stroke  
of the oars, the voyager at the helm com-  
menced a low recitative. At every alterna-  
te line, the others joined in a loud, but  
not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes  
were light or deep as the leader indicated  
by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or de-  
liberation. In a few moments they reached  
the tide, and as the boat swept violently in,  
the oars were shipped, and the boatmen,  
crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer  
to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously  
forward. It was evidently much worse than  
Mr. Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank re-  
marked upon the natural beauties of the  
river, but he had no eye for scenery. He  
sat on a low seat, grasping the sides of the  
boat with a tenacity as unphilosophical as it  
was out of character for his delicate fingers.  
The bateau glided like a bird round the  
island which divides the river, and steering  
for the middle of the stream, was in a mo-  
ment, hurrying with its whole velocity on-  
ward. The Split Rock was as yet far below,  
but the intermediate distance was a succes-  
sion of rapids, and, though not much dread-  
ed by those accustomed to the navigation,  
they were to a stranger sufficiently appal-  
ling. The river was tossed like a stormy  
sea, and the large waves, thrown up from  
the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon  
the tide, and dashing over the boat, flung  
her off like a tiny shell. Mr. Van Pelt was  
in a profuse perspiration. His knees, drawn  
up to his head by the acute angle of his pos-  
ture, knocked violently together, and no per-  
suasion could induce him to sit in the de-  
pressed stern for the accommodation of the  
voyagers. He sat right in the centre of the  
bateau, and kept his eye on the waves with a  
manifest distrust of Providence, and an  
anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of re-  
signation.

The bateau passed the travellers on shore  
as she neared the rock. Frank waved his  
handkerchief triumphantly. The water just  
ahead roared and leaped up in white masses  
like a thousand mountains; and, at the first  
violent whirl, he was pulled down by a voy-  
ageur, and commanded impatiently to lie  
still. Another and another shock followed  
in quick succession, and she was perfectly  
unmanageable. The helmsman threw him-  
self flat on the bottom. Mr. Van Pelt hid

his face in his hands, and crouched beside  
him. The water dashed in, and the bateau,  
obeying every impulse, whirled and flung  
from side to side like a feather. It seemed  
as if every plunge must be the last. One  
moment she shivered and stood motionless,  
struck back by a violent blow, and the next,  
shot down into an abyss with an arrowy ve-  
locity that seemed like instant destruction.  
Frank shook off the grasp of the voyager,  
and, holding on to the side, half rose to his  
feet. "Gardez vous!" exclaimed the voyager;  
and, mistaking the caution for the signal,  
with a sudden effort he seized Mr. Van Pelt,  
and plunging him over the side, leaped in  
after him. "Diable!" muttered the helms-  
man, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek,  
sprang half out of water, and disappeared  
instantly. But the Split Rock was right  
beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow the  
boat sprang through the gorge, and in a mo-  
ment was gliding among the masses of foam  
in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a  
stroke or two against the current, up came  
the scientific "brutus" of Mr. Van Pelt, quite  
out of curl, and crested with the foam  
through which he had emerged to a thinner  
element. There was no mistaking its iden-  
tity, and it was rudely seized by the voyager  
with a tolerable certainty that the ordinary  
sequel would follow. All reasoning upon  
anomalies, however, is uncertain, and to the  
terror of the unlettered captor, down went  
an *gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the  
world in his possession. He soon reappear-  
ed, and with his faith in the unity of Mon-  
sieur considerably shaken, the voyager lifted  
him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick?  
Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young  
sister or any pretty friend who was not your  
sister or your mother, for a nurse? And do  
you remember how like an angel's fingers,  
her small white hand laid on your forehead,  
and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low  
in your ears and how enquiringly her fair  
face hung over your pillow? If you have  
not, and remember no such passages, it were  
worth half your sound constitution, and half  
your long life, to have had that experience.  
Talk of moonlight in a bower, and poetry in  
a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love  
like a sick chamber, and no poetry like the  
persuasion to your grief, or the sympathy  
for your aching head, or your feverish fore-  
head.

Three months after Frank Gresham was  
taken out of the St. Lawrence, he was sit-  
ting in a deep recess with the lady, who, to  
the astonishment of the whole world, had  
accepted him as her lover.

"Miss Viola Clay," said our hero with a  
look of profound resignation, when will it  
please you to attend to certain responses  
you wot of?"

The answer was in a low sweet tone, in-  
audible to all save the ear for which it was  
intended.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient man-  
ners, we are pleased to compliment our-  
selves upon the point of gallantry, a certain  
obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which  
we are supposed to pay to females, as fe-  
males.

I shall believe that this principle actuates  
our conduct, when I forget, that in the nine-  
teenth century of the era from which we  
date our civility, we are but just beginning  
to leave off the very frequent practice of  
whipping females in public, in common with  
the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I  
can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England,  
women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no  
longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gen-  
tlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands  
a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the  
apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit,  
which some unclucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe it, when the Dorimants in  
humble life who would be thought in their  
way notable adepts in this refinement, shall  
act upon it in places where they are not  
known, or think themselves not observed—  
when I shall see the traveller for some rich  
tradesman part with his admired fox coat,  
to spread it over the defenceless shoulders  
of the poor woman, who is passing to her pa-  
rish, on the roof of the same stage-coach  
with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall  
no longer see a woman standing up in the pit  
of a London theatre, till she is sick and  
faint with the exertion, and men about her,  
seated at their ease, and jeering at her dis-  
tress, till one, that seems to have more man-  
ners or conscience than the rest, significant-  
ly declares "she should be welcome to his  
seat if she were a little younger and hand-  
somer." Place this dapper ware-houseman,  
or that rider, in a circle of their own female  
acquaintance, and you shall confess that you  
have not seen a politer bred man in Lotb-  
bury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there  
is some such principle influencing our con-  
duct, when more than one half of the drudg-  
ery and coarse servitude of the world shall  
cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes I shall never believe  
this boasted point to be any thing more than  
a conventional fiction; a pageant got up be-  
tween the sexes, in a certain rank, and at  
a certain time of life, in which both find their  
account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among  
the salutary fiction of life, when in polite  
circles I shall see the same attentions paid  
to age as to youth, to homely features as to  
handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear;  
to a woman, as she is a woman, not as she is  
a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more  
than a name, when a well dressed gentle-  
man in a well dressed company can advert  
to the topic of female old age without excit-  
ing and intending to excite a sneer—when

the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such  
a one has "overstood her market," pronoun-  
ced in good company, shall raise immediate  
offence in man, or woman, that shall hear  
them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Broad street hill, mer-  
chant, and one of the directors of the South  
sea company—the same to whom Edwards,  
the Shakspere commentator, has addressed  
a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of con-  
sistent gallantry I have met with. He took  
me under his shelter at an early age, and  
bestowed some pains up on me. I owe to  
his precepts and example whatever there is  
of the man of business (and that is not much)  
in my composition. It was not his fault that  
I did not profit more.—Though bred a Pres-  
byterian, and brought up a merchant, he  
was the finest gentleman of his time. He  
had not one system of attention to females in  
the drawing room, and another in the shop,  
or at the stall. I do not mean that he made  
no distinction. But he never lost sight of  
sex, or overlooked it in the casualities of a  
disadvantageous situation. I have seen him  
stood bare headed—smile if you please, to a  
poor servant girl, while she has been inquir-  
ing of him the way to some street—in such  
a posture of unforced civility, as neither to  
embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself  
in the offer of it. He was no dandy in the  
common acceptance of the word, after wo-  
men: but he revered and upheld, in every  
form in which it came before him, *woman-  
hood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—  
tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom  
he had encountered in a shower, exalting  
his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit,  
that it might receive no damage with as  
much carelessness as if she had been a Coun-  
tess. To the reverend form of Female Eld  
he would yield the wall, (though it were to  
an ancient beggar-woman) with more cer-  
emony than we can afford to show our gran-  
dam. He was the *Peux Chevalier* of Age;  
the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan, to those who  
have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them.  
The roses, that had long faded thence, still  
bloomed for him in those withered and yellow  
cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth  
he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan  
Winstanley, old Winstanley's daughter of  
Clapton, who dying in the early days of their  
courtship, confirmed in him the resolution  
of perpetual bachelorhood. It was during  
their short courtship, he told me that he had  
been one day treating his mistress with a  
profusion of civil speeches—the common gal-  
lantries, to which kind of thing she had hith-  
erto manifested no repugnance—but in this  
instance with no effect. He could not ob-  
tain from her a *decent acknowledgment*  
in return. She rather seemed to resent his  
compliments. He could not set it down to  
caprice, for the lady had always shown her-  
self above that littleness.

When he ventured on the following day,  
fin'ing her a little better humoured, to ex-  
postulate with her on her coldness of yester-  
day, she confessed, with her usual frankness,  
that she had no sort of dislike to his atten-  
tions; that she could even endure some high  
flown compliments; that a young woman  
placed in her situation had a right to expect  
all sort of civil things said to her; that she  
hoped she could digest a dose of adulation,  
short of insincerity, with as little injury to  
her humility as most young women; but that  
a little before he had commenced his com-  
pliments, she had overheard him by accident,  
in rather rough language, rating a young  
woman who had not brought home his crav-  
ats quite to the appointed time, and she  
thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan  
Winstanley, and a young lady, a reputed  
beauty, and known to be a fortune, I can  
have my choice of the finest speeches from  
the mouth of this very fine gentleman, who  
courts me; but if I had been a beggar-  
girl, such-a-one (naming the milliner), and had  
failed of bringing home the cravats to the  
appointed hour, though perhaps I had sat up  
half the night to forward them, what sort of  
compliments should I have received then?—  
And my woman's pride came to my assis-  
tance; and I thought, that if it were only to  
do me honour, a female, like myself, might  
have received handsomer usage; and I was  
determined not to accept any fine speeches,  
to the compromise of that sex, the belonging  
to which was after all my strongest claim and  
title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generos-  
ity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke  
which she gave her lover; and I have some-  
times imagined, that the uncommon strain  
of courtesy, which through life regulated the  
actions and behaviour of my friend towards  
all womankind indiscriminately, owed its  
happy origin to this reasonable lesson from  
the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would en-  
tertain the same notion of these things that  
Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should  
see something of the spirit of consistent gal-  
lantry; and no longer witness the anomaly  
of the same man—a pattern of true polite-  
ness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rude-  
ness, to a sister—the idolator of his female  
mistress—the disparager and despiser of his  
no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still  
female—maiden cousin. Just so much re-  
spect as a woman degrades from her own  
sex, in whatever condition placed, her hand-  
maid or dependent, she deserves to have di-  
minished from herself on that score; and  
probably will feel the diminution, when  
youth and beauty and advantages, not insepa-  
rable from sex, shall lose all of their attrac-  
tion. What a woman should demand of  
a man in courtship, or after it, is first,  
respect for her as she is a woman; and next  
to that to be respected by him above all  
other women. But let her stand upon her  
female character as upon a foundation; and  
let the attentions, incident to individual  
preference, be so many pretty additions and  
ornaments as many and as fanciful as you  
please, to that main structure. Let her  
first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstan-  
ley, to *revere her sex*.



**SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1896.**

We have just risen from a rapid perusal of this interesting novel,—a pleasure which has been thus long delayed on account of our amiable and accommodating disposition towards the ladies, who have kept, heretofore, in pretty constant use, the copies of the work belonging to the shelves of the Circulating Library. It need hardly be remarked, that a weekly sheet is not the proper place for a regular criticism, even were our intimacy with the Fair Maid of Perth such, as to warrant our undertaking a task so agreeable. A passing notice, it all that need be expected at our hands and quite as much as we feel prepared, at present to give.

St. Valentine's Eve bears with it the most satisfactory proof of being a legitimate member of the great and popular family of the Waverley Romances. Powerful in description, classical in language, rich in metaphor, and abundant in well wrought incidents, the masterly genius and untiring pen of Sir Walter is every where apparent on the pages of the work. If it have not the deep toned interest of the Heart of Mid Lothian, the splendid magnificence of Ivanhoe, the dash of Kenilworth, nor the intensely tragic denouement of the Bride of Lammermoor, it is undoubtedly superior to many of the more recent productions of its author.

A friend at our elbow has just remarked, that it seems to be the product of a great mind, throwing out its suggestions and fancies without effort and without much regard to their connexion or propriety; and, that in its perusal, he was reminded of an accomplished musician, who sometimes, in a musing mood, runs on *ad libitum*, in sweet and melting strains, regardless of any regular connexion,—now touching with exquisite skill and boldness, and anon relapsing into careless notes, but furnishing in the whole a rich resource to the lover of harmony.

For ourselves, we could indicate what appears to us somewhat faintly in a few of the personages and their motives for enacting the parts which, they are made, respectively, to perform. We might name for instance the young Highland Chief, Conachar, and enquire, why he, who is represented as possessing generally a proud, and gallant bearing while an apprentice to the Glover, should in manhood be made a dastardly coward, who acknowledges the fact—flies, after fighting bravely for a time, from the field of battle, in presence of his clan, and then heroically resorts to self destruction, by throwing himself headlong down a precipice! The catastrophe which his cowardice brings about, might have been accomplished in many other equally plausible modes, and the Highland boy have done credit to himself and clan.

It was doubtless the author's intention to exhibit in Conacher, a man constitutionally a coward, and morally brave. It would be satisfactory to have this oft assumed position elucidated. Can a man also be constitutionally brave and morally a coward? Is it natural for him voluntarily to acknowledge his cowardice? If constitutionally a coward, would he be likely to engage in a pitched battle, carry himself bravely for a time, and then run away and kill himself!—The young Highlander is represented as having acted in this manner.

**Henbane** Dwinning the villainous mediciner, seems also to possess some opposite and inconsistent qualities: he is learned, intelligent, and miserly to an extreme, but at last gives away his cash like a liberal minded gentleman: he is a malicious scoundrel, willing to put any body to death, seemingly without purpose or motive, and eventually dies like a hero, by his own hands, rather than await the uncertain march of justice. In the preservation of the murderous brute, Bonthorn, from his first hanging, the apparent motive is, the exculpation of the Duke of Rothsay from the charge of having instigated the murder of the Bonnet maker; yet is this exculpation of the Prince never made. These however are slight blemishes, if indeed, such they are considered by any but ourselves.

The plot is ingeniously contrived and preserves an undiminished interest throughout. The scene is laid in Scotland at the close of the fourteenth century, under the reign of the imbecile Robert the Third. This weak monarch,—the dishonest, hypocritical Albany,—the gay unfortunate libertine, the duke of Rothesay,—the bold, invincible, roistering armoured,—honest Simon Glover and the humorous Bonnet maker, are all spirited and well marked characters. The heroine of the tale, the Fair Catharine of Perth, with her attractive personal charms, her devotional piety, filial love, good sense, and unyielding integrity of character, is one of the most peerless creatures of the imagination, that the illustrious author has yet sent forth to claim the homage of his admiring readers. One cannot but regret that a creature so fair, refined, and wise, should have lived in an age so barbarous, and been married to a man so uncultivated as Henry Smith, who, however, it must be admitted, talks sensibly, acts honestly, and fights bravely.

The funeral of Gilchrist MacIain, the old Highland chief, the battle of the Clans Quhibile and Chattan, and the meeting between

the dissolute Ruthsaw and the glee-maiden of France, are scenes that may be mentioned as having been drawn with power and effect. This latter one, in which the little wandering *Professor of the Juggs Science* is compelled to kiss the young Prince while mounted upon his charger, affords, we think, an admirable subject for the brush of the Painter. Faithfully sketched, the picture would present both novelty and beauty.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend this interesting young Waverly to the kindly notice of our readers, well satisfied that they will have no cause to regret their introduction to the Fair Maid of Perth.

The late anniversary of American Independence was rendered doubly interesting to the citizens of Baltimore and the surrounding country, by the Commencement on that memorable day, of the stupendous enterprise, the BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD. The ceremonies were opened by a prayer from the Rev. Dr. Wyatt—Mr. Heath read the Declaration of Independence; and Mr. John B. Morris delivered an Address from the President and Directors of the Company. The Foundation Stone, with appropriate inscriptions, was then laid by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, assisted by the Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, under the direction of the President and Directors of the Rail Road Company. It is estimated that about fifty thousand spectators witnessed this interesting spectacle.

On the same day, within the District of Columbia, the Corporations of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, united in the ceremony of commencing the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL. By previous arrangement, Charles Fenton Mercer, Esq., the able and persevering advocate of this magnificent work, presented to the President of the United States a *spade*, accompanied with a few appropriate remarks; in answer to which, the President made a manly and eloquent address. He then proceeded to the performance of the duty assigned him, the *breaking of ground*, as the commencement of the projected work. In the progress of this ceremony, the spade of the President twice struck against a root, which prevented its entering the ground. Thus foiled, he pulled off his coat, and with a determination, that we hope to see emulated in the construction of the Canal, set seriously to work, and speedily achieved the duty assigned him. This little incident created a strong sensation in the multitude of assembled spectators who noticed it, by loud and unanimous cheering. Under these circumstances and with auspicious prospects of an early and successful completion has been commenced this stupendous work. It is a project, which, in the language of the appropriate address of the President "contemplates a conquest over physical nature, such as has never yet been achieved by man. The wonders of the ancient world, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Ephesus, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the wall of China, sink into insignificance before it. Insignificance in the mass and momentum of human labour required for the execution.—Insignificance in the comparison of the purpose to be accomplished by the work when executed."

Mr. Horton Howard, of Columbus, has published a Topographical Map of the State of Ohio, 30 by 36 inches, compiled from the notes and drafts of the Ohio Canal Commissioners and Engineers; the United States' Road Commissioners; the Commissioners under the Treaty of Ghent; and from other authentic sources. This Map exhibits the location of the United States' roads within the limits of Ohio, the State roads, the boundaries of counties, the situation of cities, towns, Indian reservations, and the islands of Lake Erie; and distinguishes the hilly portions on the level portions of the country. It contains accurate profiles of the Ohio and Miami Canals, exhibiting the relative situation of their aqueducts, locks, and the towns and villages through which they pass. It also shows the route of the proposed Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal from the point where it enters the State, until its junction with the Ohio and Lake Erie Canal at Akron. It is ornamented with an engraved view of an aqueduct over which a Canal boat is passing. The leading topographical features of the contiguous parts of the adjoining states are also represented.

The sources from whence the surveys, necessary in the compilation of this Map, have been attained, are such as to ensure for it more accuracy, perhaps, than is to be found in those of the State of Ohio, previously published. The water courses and the roads are exhibited with unusual care and correctness. We recommend the Map to the public, as one containing much accurate and valuable topographical and statistical matter. Mr. Howard deserves to be suitably rewarded for his enterprise in publishing it, and that such will be the case, there is little reason to doubt, in as much as the information that may be collected from it, is indispensably necessary for a proper appreciation of the great physical resources of the rising State of Ohio.

It is proper to remark, that the engraving, tinting, and colouring of the Map, are entirely Western. It is printed on a single sheet of large beautiful paper, manufactured

to the order of the publishers by the Messrs. Gilpin. The engraving was executed in this city by Mr. Woodruff, and is a highly creditable specimen of the fine arts in the West.

The Discourse on Intemperance, delivered by appointment, before the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, on the first of March last, by Dr. Drake, has just been published. It forms a volume of about 100 pages, octavo, divided into eight chapters, with an appendix. These chapters treat of the chemical nature of ardent spirits; their operation and effects; the necessity of their use; the causes of their abuse; the diseases which they occasion; their desolating effects on character, fortune, and family; the correctives of intemperance, both moral and physical. The appendix embraces, I. Alcohol and its combinations; II. Combustion of the living body of habitual drunkards; III. Mental alienation occasioned by intemperance; IV. Society in Cincinnati for the promotion of Temperance.

It is not our intention to offer any opinion of the general merits of this discourse, but simply to present some extracts from its pages. The positive evils resulting from the intemperate use of ardent spirits, are exerting upon the morals, refinement, and fortunes of families, such a blighting mildew, that every effort to arrest the progress of this desolating vice merits the approbation of society. The following extract, touching the morbid effects of ardent spirits upon the body, drawn from professional observation, presents so very strong inducement, we think, for becoming intemperate.

The disorders of body produced by habitual intemperance, are various in different persons, and at different periods of life.

4. In nearly all, the **STOMACH**, from being the receptacle, of the poison, becomes greatly disordered. At an early period the appetite begins to decay, and at last is almost entirely lost. The stomach becomes irritable, and vomiting occurs in the morning. At length, a great degree of irritation, and sometimes actual inflammation, takes place in the inner surface of that organ; and indigestion, or dyspepsia, with its loathsome cruditities and cankerous acids, becomes permanently established.

2. Next the stomach, the LIVER is, perhaps, the greatest sufferer. At first it is strongly excited, and secretes an excessive quantity of bile, which leads the inebriate to say that he is bilious; for which, with admirable facility, he resorts to bitters: thus recklessly feeding the flame with spirit, instead of quenching it with water. Actual inflammation supervenes, and he is harassed with a slow fever. In the progress of time, the liver becomes changed in its texture, hardened, and obstructed. It fails to secrete bile, and a dark and muddy JAUNDICE indicates the approach of death, which is seldom slow in arriving.

3. From sympathy with the stomach and liver, or in some other way, the Lungs become affected. A cough supervenes, with an offensive discharge of phlegm in the morning. If the patient were predisposed to asthma, great difficulty of breathing ensues; or, if inclined to consumption, the fatal malady is hastening its approach.

4. The chest well with a Dorsal, not really run round, and the abdomen becomes the seat of dangerous watery accumulations. Still oftener, a hopeless dropsical effusion takes place into the chest and about the heart, which labors like a wheel under water. The patient has a distressing cough, is unable to ascend to the second story of his workshop, or climb the ladder hill on his farm; finds himself obliged, at length, to abandon every kind of business, for want of breath, and sits up all night for weeks, lest he should be suffocated by laying down—an event which often happens at a moment when it is not expected, by those about him. Many remarkable examples of sudden death, from this cause might be mentioned. I will recite one, which fell under my own observation in this city.

A man of this family gradually became a sot; and at length fell into a droopy of the chest. His career of intemperance extended through several years, during which his nervousness of temper, and inattention to business, of course led to occasional jarings between him and his wife—an ambitious and worthy woman. Finally, he died suddenly, and without any special warning, about the dawn of day, having risen and dressed himself, and left the house as he had his last, and was in no degree surprised, for I had foreseen the termination of his career. But some of his neighbors, being ignorant of what might, rationally, be expected, were in a very different state of mind; and before night, it was insinuated that the wife had committed murder. Thus the intoxication of the husband, which embittered the existence of his companion for years, and the horrible reproach of having caused his death, had no professional man been present to make the explanations necessary to her exculpation.

5. GOUT is well known to be the offspring of intemperance; but, from the influence of other causes, it is a rare disease in the United States, especially in the West. Rheumatism is, however, a frequent malady, and, in its chronic forms is often rendered obstinate by intemperance.

6. All drunkards are liable to **SORE EYES**. The disease is sometimes of the lids or of the eyeball, or of the whole of the eye, and is attended with an offensive discharge. The young drunkard looks upon his malady with concern. He knows it to be the consequence of his intemperance, and fears that it may betray him to society. To prevent this, he resorts to the aid of *bottle green* glasses; but his sagacity is like that of the owl, which thrusts its head into a hole in the wall when it is confined: he blinds his own eyes; but leaves those of his neighbors open to his shame; for by this time, his immodesty is disclosed by many symptoms.

7. Another conspicuous sign of intemperance, is the erysipelon on the nose and upper part of the cheeks, which, by a deterioration of language has been called *Gutta serena*, or *Roze face*. Actual drunkenness is not necessary to the production of these pimples; nor, indeed, are they exclusively confined to those who drink. They so seldom, however, appear on any others, that the man on whom they begin to sprout forth, may reasonably be suspected.

8. I have known several drunkards, in middle life, affected with LEPROSY (*Lepra Gracorum*). The whole surface of their bodies became red and pumched; the skin cracked open, and a thin acrid matter oozed forth, attended with intolerable itching; finally, immense quantities of scales, resembling those

of small fish, were daily formed, and fell off in loathsome showers. I have never known a patient restored from this disgusting malady, while he continued to drink.

9. A much commoner consequence of intemperance, is WEAKNESS OF THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM, WITH TREMORS. This condition of the inebriate prevails in the morning; when his strength is that of a child, while his tremors are those of old age. He is unfitted for any employment that requires steadiness of nerve; and when he signs his name to promissory notes, given, perhaps, for debts contracted in consequence of his intemperance, the zig-zag lines betray to all attentive observers,

10. **EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS** are a more dreadful effect of his intemperate course.— They are by no means uncommon, and often prove fatal; though in many cases, not until they have induced fatuity.

11. **ALPHEUS** is also a drunkard, a diseased man, who has been in the hospital. It occurs in every stage of his melancholic career, but oftenest in old age. It sometimes proves mortal in a single day or hour, or may terminate in palsy of one side of the body, but the latter malady often precedes the former. Thus the individual, when apparently in health, begins to limp; and, without any obvious cause, gradually loses the use of one limb; his family his friends know not the reason for it. He may have been quiet so far, avoiding convivial scenes, and pursuing a regulated course of secret drinkings. He resorts to liniments and patent essences; but the seal of death is upon him, and his halting continues to increase, till at length a sudden stroke of apoplexy ends his day, or strikes motionless and senseless one half of his body; in which state he may continue to live for years, and to stare at his friends, who he had sworn to support, protect, and cherish, till he is reduced to servitude.—rewarding her, under the degrading task, with all the outbursts of a perverted and vicious temper.

12. Insuperance predisposes the body to SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. On this point facts have multiplied, until the most incredulous inquirer can scarcely retain his doubts. The bodies of corpulent inebriates, when asleep, have, in several instances, taken fire, by the accidental contact of a coal or candle; and all the soft parts have been reduced to ashes, or driven off in clouds of thick smoke. To conceive of the possibility of this revolting catastrophe, we need only recollect the combustible nature of fat, and the still more inflammable quality of ardent spirits, which are composed of the very same materials; and that quantities swallowed, daily, in excessive drinking. The probability of this may be presumed to alter, to a certain degree, the chemical composition of the body. Meanwhile its vital powers become greatly reduced, and thus render it an easier prey of fire or other external agents.

3. **Laziness.** Habitual drinking generates a **bad habit of body**, which renders the individual liable to violent attacks of disease from slight accidents; and causes various disorders to terminate mortally, which might otherwise be cured. Hence the life insurance of a drunkard, in ordinary health, must always be a higher premium, than that of the temperate—a fact which is doubtless known to the underwriters. I am aware that drunkards boast of escaping many of the epidemic diseases by which the temperate are assailed. But if this happen at any time, it is because the artificial fever is kept up throughout the epidemic.— If they relapse into sobriety, they are more liable to attacks than other people; and when assailed, are far likelier to die. The greater mortality of their diseases, is particularly observable in young men; of which I might relate several melancholy examples, but a single instance must suffice. A young man, of this city, addicted to habitual and excessive drinking, received a scratch on one of his feet, which, had he been temperate, would have excited but a slight soreness. However, with a constitution enfeebled and perverted, a gangrenous inflammation speedily ensued, and, to the astonishment of those about him, proved fatal within three days!

This lady, the sweet and tender strains of whose muse, have made her the most popular of the living poets, has published a new volume entitled the *Records of Women*; intended to "illustrate many instances of love, fidelity and misfortune, in which the hearts of the sex have led them to act distinguished parts. Honourable memorials of virtues which render them the blessings of the created world, and breathing descriptions of their passions and emotions, are to be found in every little tale. Some embrace historical facts, and others dwell on slighter incidents; but all tend to elevate the character of the dearest and most excellent part of human nature.

The subject of this volume, is happily adapted to the peculiar talents, the exquisite tenderness, the harmonious versification, and fine tone of moral feeling of the fair author. The first Record, commemorates Lady Arabella Stuart, whose union with the son of Lord Beauchamp led to their imprisonment by James I. we offer but a brief specimen of the style in which the subject is treated by Mrs. Hemans.

My friend, my friend! where art thou? Day by day,  
Gleiding, like some dark mournful stream away,  
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,  
Comes and reigns beauty on the kindling boughs  
Round hall and hamlet; summer with her smile,  
Fills the green forest—young hearts breathe their  
      vows;  
Brothers loud parted meet; fair children rise  
Round the glass board; Hope laughs from loving  
      eyes;  
And all this is in the world!—these joys lie low,  
The dew of every path—on the stroke  
Their freshness may not fail the stricken deer  
The gleam of mine and all the waters near.  
Ye come from the dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers,  
By some kind hand to cheer my dungened seat;  
On yon oak shed down the summer showers,  
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups  
      beat,  
Quivering a breeze and rain drop like the sheen  
Of twilight star. On yon Heaven's eye both seen  
Through the leaves, pouring its dark sultry blue  
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you  
Hath murmured and the rill My soul grows faint  
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint  
Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green, the  
      free  
The fall of all sweet sound,—ah! from me."

*Sir Walter Scott.*—The *New York Albion* states, that for the twenty one months preceding December last, the monthly receipts of this unrivalled writer, were upwards of one thousand pounds sterling, and that he had lately divided among his creditors the sum of £35,000.

Chancellor Kent, receiver of the property of the Franklin Bank of New York, reports that the entire capital of that institution, amounting to \$266,905, has been sunk. The debts of the bank and notes out will probably be redeemed at a loss of 2 per cent.

The Bank of the United States has declared a dividend of three and one half per cent. for the last half year ending on the 1st inst.

Amid the sparse comforts that cheer the loneome pilgrimage of a "single gentry man," there are few that bring more genuine gratification than the exemption, a bachelor's life affords, from those interminable clogs to locomotion, which a wife and children necessarily superinduce. To a member of the "single fraternity," half a pound's notice is at all times amply sufficient to prepare him for an excursion. A change of linen, a razor, a clothes brush and if he can afford it, a bottle of Cologne, hastily crammed into a portmanteau, and he is ready to respond to the horn of the stage driver. The trunks, band boxes, basket, wife, children, and pargoretic, that usually clutter the treasures of wedded life, have no claims upon his time or attention. If therefore, he have fewer pleasures, he has also fewer troubles: If the purple light of love or the lambent flame of Hymen's torch cheer not his lonely path, he is nevertheless measurably compensated for their absence by his freedom from all the delightful torments of conjugal engagements, and all the anxious solitudes of cradle responsibility. In turning the key of his office, the bachelor locks within, his few troubles; and carrying with him no *living* ones, he goes forth into the wide world heedless and independent—ready for any enterprise, and indifferent to the coming on of any catastrophe.

With such feelings and under such circumstances, I recently found myself in the large Erie Accommodation Line, posting on the rate of six knots an hour, upon raw seas, which may claim priority of existence, of splendour of execution, over that which lately, in its auspicious commencement at the city of Baltimore, given additional interest to our national anniversary. The tapering rays of sunset were just kissing in the last time, the tops of the oaks and the tree-greens that adorn the cliffs of the Yearling Spring, when the shrill stage horn announced our rapid approach to that attractive watering place. Then followed the clanking of servants, the tumbling of baggage, the waving of the flag, as the best of our countrymen, with those who had preceded them in this fashionable digressing to parentals and dusty streets. Supper, cards among the old, and dancing among the young, filled up the remainder of the evening.

The water of the Yellow Spring is clear, cold, and chalybeate. It bursts with considerable force from a fissure in the limestone rocks, on the elevated dividing ridge between the east and west branch of Yellow Spring creek. The spring takes its name from the colour of the deposit made by the water, which, after running a few miles over a grassy declivity, is precipitated in a deep ravine, and united with a little more

The nearest object of curiosity to us was the spring, and distant from it but a few hundred yards, is POMPEY'S PILLAR,—why so called, or by whom named, tradition is silent. It is an irregular circular mass of micaceous limestone which by some convulsion of nature, has been detached from the adjacent cliffs, and retaining its perpendicular position, has been left at a short distance from its original situation. It is composed of layers of arenaceous limestone, and the base is about ten feet in diameter. If the height is 15 feet it assumes the pyramidal form and is nicely capped with a compact mass of rock of more than two thirds of the circumference of the base of the pillar. The elevation increases to eighteen or twenty feet. The situation of the pillar is well concluded. The ravine at the point of its position is narrow and deep, and the tops of the banks, as well as its precipitous slopes, are thickly covered with trees. Although unattractive at all times to the lover of nature's scenery, Pompey's Pillar derives its interest from a melancholy circumstance which happened there not long since.

Among the visitors in the summer of 1870 were a newly married couple who had gone to the Spring, neither for the cure of disease nor *en masse*,—but simply to increase the delights of their *honey-moon*. The bride was just turned of seventeen, gay, beautiful, and as happy as any little songster, that warbles its note of love amid the red berries of the sumach, among which these pilgrims of the honeymoon were fond of loitering. Like most of her sex, of similar years, the bride had a strong penchant for the elegancies of dress, and next to herself and husband, an elegant wardrobe received her young affections. She had, moreover, in her composition a spark of romance and a lively appreciation of every thing that partook of adventure. On the second morning after their arrival, she proceeded to view Pompey's Pillar. Upon reaching it all of the party save the sprightly bride, seated themselves near its base, while the moss covered stones. On the east side of the pillar the projections of the rock render its summit accessible, but not without encountering both toil and danger. Anticipations of doing that, which no female is perhaps, ever accomplished before, the bride, fearlessly commenced clambering to the side of the pillar. Against this rash adventure her husband, as well as her companions, earnestly remonstrated, but in vain. With the activity of the young antelope upon its native hills, she soon stood triumphant upon the summit, proudly waving her handkerchief. Her husband, trembling with alarm, laid the dear object of his affection should fall from her fearful elevation. Instantly began to follow her footsteps. As he neared the fatal height, the thoughtless bride became suddenly dizzy, reeled, and fell to the ground. A general shriek of alarm from her companions filled the silent ravine with its prolonged and hollow echoes. The startled husband descended with a rapidity endangering his own life, and as he stooped to raise the senseless body of his late sport, Mary, she suddenly placed a lily white hand upon her dishevelled locks, and opening bloodless lips, mournfully exclaimed, "O Heavens, I have broken my new comb!"







